

## **Veils, The "The Wild Son"**

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Your knives are sharp  
When you put them in my heart  
Though the truth, you'd say,  
Is I like them there that way

From this hoodlum skin  
I can always run to him  
Undeserved, capsized  
In the gutters of his eyes

Darling I need you far more than I say  
None of my fears are as dear to me

And a great light dims  
Every day I'm torn from him  
And our stars align  
In Elysian Fields at night  
And the wheels, they turn  
And the fallen heather burns  
At a loss and scared  
In exile and unprepared

Darling I need you far more than I say  
None of my fears are as dear to me

Blessed's the night  
Blessed's the night  
Blessed's the night

When none of my fears are as dear to me

None of my fears are as dear to me  
None of my fears are as dear to me

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